

Clinton Sparks f/ Joe Budden

"Whatever it Takes"

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It's ya muh'fuckin boy, "Jump Off" Joe Budden here
Clinton Sparks we gon' get familiar with it
We gon' get familiar together man, hey...
Sparks, holla at ya boy - that old time music!

[Chorus: Joe Budden]

Whatever it takes, to find a way, to find a way, to find a way

I'ma do whatever it takes, to find a way, to find a way, to find a way

I'ma do whatever it takes to find a way, to find a way, to find a way

Whatever it takes to find a way, to find a way, to find a way

[Verse One]

Alright I'm dealin with some shit homey, it's in the back of my head

And it's some shit homey, but I just rap it instead

See I got wolverine bones in me, but the whole world is throwin stones at me like they all gotta bone with me
Got a child's mother, and I hate her to death

But that's my child's mother, so that's my mate to the death

It's wild how I love her, for puttin little me here

And me and Huck'll be forever, she gon' still be there

Then there's some other niggaz, are just a character role

But they some other niggaz, now let's get back to the song

I got a drug problem, but I ain't tell the truth

Because I got enough problems, and my solution is to stuff problems

but if something goes wrong with that

Then it's back to PCP and so long with rap

See I'm depressed lately, but nobody understands that I'm depressed lately, I'm sorta feelin repressed lately

But y'all been hearin and seein me less lately

Like it's anyone noticed the redress lately

Look deep nigga don't I seem stressed lately

Seem disturbed, lot of regrets lately
Got a company, that I'm signed to
but they ain't in my company, when all I need is some
company
When I start feelin like e'rybody's done with me
I try to see what e'rybody want with me
Then the mistress, yeah, the girl from ten minutes it's
hard
Now I'm needin ten minutes from heart
I can't get into it, but I want y'all to know
that I'll get into it, but I'll save that for the growth
Then it's rap beef, but I'm so secure with me
It's only rap beef, I don't need se-cu-rity (never)
Wanna get at me, wanna go to war with me
That's just one phone call for me, check the shit
I got a whole hood, that don't appreciate
It's not the whole hood, that appreciates me (okay)
What you gon' tell me, when it's the streets that made
me
And I won't let the belly of the beast degrade me
And then it's rap critics, they say all I make is dance
music
But to almost anything you can dance stupid
They ain't like the single, so they ain't copped that
album
Wouldn't give a chance to it, not a second glance to it
They say he wines too much (and) he's too bitter (and)
They call it complainin (but) I call it explainin (y'know)
How normal niggaz could get caught up in the game
and
lose they mind and y'all call it entertainment
Some shit with me, but dudes been knew that
But I'm gamblin a lot and I ain't used to do that (nah)
Rap ain't payin the bills, it's mo' money mo' problems
or it's no money mo' problems
All enormous when you play at these stakes
That's how it feels to have a warrant on a famous face
Then the album's pushed back, cause they say he need
a single
at the moment, but what he needs is a single moment
Then I'm involved in the he say, she say
(that's) in my mind on replay, each day
(then) Then it's the bullshit that she save he's gave
Cause she wouldn't like to think that he ain't like her
Kust cause she was throwin it at me and I ain't touch
her
She'll say anything side from I ain't wanna fuck her
(nah)
I don't feel good, so I won't wanna go to a club
Don't wanna go to a lounge, just wanna lounge (I just
wanna lounge)

In the same sweats that I had on for days
Same tee I had on for a week, what I got on it speaks
What I got on, it reeks
No shape up, chillin, cause that's just how I'm feelin
And one day at a time, it's God willin
(see I'm) Tryin to see straight but the fall keeps buildin
Pulse start racin, the bulls startin to hate me
But I gotta be a king, cause there's wolves tryin to play
me
Hoodie when it's hot like it's freezin winter
Rough start, eating sleep for dinner
And it's hard tryna keep this in ya, so I write it all down
So one day maybe when life is all sweet I remember
Then it's probation, I know we all go through it
We call it probation, but there's no pro to it
Yeah my soul's achin, only a few peers know
Funny thing about the case is it's a few years old
Had some shit going on with my ohh, that felt good but
it's bad
So I'm sittin here like what the bitch had
It's not rap it's real, look scrappy it's true
Goin what's popping, do he look happy to you?
Now if it goes to the wire, go the soul of a fighter
Bruised up and sloppy, or damaged like Ali
Up late talkin to the fans on a website
That's the only thing that send your man off to bed
right
Fuck the world, fuck my moms and my girl
Well maybe not mom, just let me remain calm
This too won't last, this too shall pass
At least that's what I say y'all, that's what I pray for
And I'm the only thing that's standin in my way y'all
But I gotta be with me, it's no escape y'all
I guess depression just stepped in
and took over shit like it's known to do
Guess it said, hey Joe, I'm goin home with you
Turn your phone off, I need to be alone with you
I need to be in the zone with you
Cause I'm the only thing you've prone to nigga, look I
own you nigga
Been with you since 10, but you startin to confuse me
Cause it's been so long and you still tryin to lose me
Like how could you show me such cruelty
When everybody turns their back on you Joe it's you
and me
Still you don't want me to see you right
And why you always come get me, how we reunite,
huh?
I know you feel for me deep in your heart
Doctors, meetings, pills couldn't keep us apart
But now you got a deal and you wanna get rid of me

We roommates, I'm in your head Joe, you live with me
So I don't write for the fans, nah, I write to my man
In hopes that he'll just leave and understand
Like, like please leave the kid in peace
Let me smoke this one cig' in peace (just give me 10
minutes)
Just leave for a second man, it's been too long and I
can't troop it
And long as you around I can't make that dance music

[Chorus] - to fade

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